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TERMS:

Free to all. Those who choose to pay may send one dollar a year.

THE MAGNET.

Home-Talk by J. H. N., W. C., April 18, 1868.

THE best illustration of the nature of spirit and spiritual power is seen in the working of the magnet. It might almost be said the magnet is a body having a spirit in it. Besides the body of the steel, there is in it, and around it, an influence, a vibration or something which is entirely invisible, and intangible; something which does not directly address itself to any of our senses or even to the microscope, and yet has power to act at a considerable distance. If you present a magnet to iron-filings you will see that they are affected by it at the distance of an inch or two.

Whatever influence it may be which extends beyond the body of the magnet, and evidently affects substances at a considerable distance, it is apparently of the nature of spirit or spiritual influence. The phenomenon which Paul describes, when he says, "Though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in the spirit," is a reality in the case of the magnet. The magnet might say to the iron-filings at a distance of an inch, "Though absent in body I am present in spirit." It is a wonderful thing; very wonderful. The spirit-like nature of this something which works in the magnet is indicated not only by the fact that it does not address itself to any of our senses—being so near nothing that we can not observe it in any way except through its effects—but is still more wonderfully indicated by the fact that it will act right through any substance. It will act through wood, glass and paper, or through a man's hand. If I should put a magnet on one side of my hand it would make iron stick to the other side of my hand: it would operate right through all my blood, bones and muscles.

It is a wonderful thing. It is of the nature of a miracle; and is just as inexplicable as any of the miracles attributed to Christ. All you can see is the fact; as to seizing the case, or being able to examine it and tell how it works, it is out of the question; you can not do it. The influence which extends beyond the magnet, and which may be called spirit in a certain sense, eludes all the bodily senses and all material tests. It is a phenomenon which is very extensive in nature, the attraction of gravitation being entirely analogous to it. The attractive force exerted by the earth; the gravitation of the earth toward the sun; the

attraction that governs the motions of all the planets, and which is evidently a fundamental, sovereign power through the material universe, is of a similar nature to that we see in the magnet. If you let a stone fall from the top of a tower to the earth, it is affected by an influence which extends from the earth to it; and the earth might say to it before it starts, "Though absent in the body I am present in spirit." That attraction is not obstructed by any substance which interferes, but will act right through any thing.

All this is a fair illustration of the working of spiritual power. If the magnet operates by a hidden force, it is certainly not incredible, or to be regarded as strange that human beings should have spirits; that our bodies should have connected with them, in them, and flowing out from them an influence as intangible and yet effective as that of the magnet. We know that within us there are phenomena of that kind. Our ability to control our muscles and move our limbs is known to be dependent on the communication of nervous influence which works in a manner similar to electricity. Electricity is similar to magnetism and works like it. By the galvanic battery, I may say, you can put a spirit into soft iron and take it out again. There is known to be a similarity between electricity and the power of the will; that is, galvanism and the power of the will produce the same effect upon the muscles. Here then, we may trace a manifest analogy between magnetism and human life—human spirit—and it is not at all more wonderful that a man should be able to do things at a distance from himself by a perfectly invisible, imperceptible power, than that a magnet or that a galvanic battery should do so. It is no more wonderful that a man should be absent in body, but present in spirit than that a magnet should; and we know that a magnet does act at a distance from its own body.

When Paul wrote to the Corinthians from Philippi that though absent in body he was present in spirit; and called upon them in conjunction with his spirit, to "deliver a certain one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh," he was acting at a distance of hundreds of miles; he was talking about things which though they would seem incredible and fanatical to materialistic unbelief, were in fact just as simple and intelligible as what we see in the magnet.

It is exceedingly difficult to believe in the power of gravitation when you try to explain the principle to yourself, though you can see

it operate. I can hardly conceive of the possibility of it, yet I know it is so. How does that attraction take place? That word attraction, until explained, has no more meaning than the word suction. We know now that there is properly no such thing as suction; whatever takes place that we have called suction is really pressure. Well this word attraction is used in a meaningless way just as we were wont to use the word suction. It can have no meaning whatever until the principle by which it works has been demonstrated.

If you consider the facts of this subject of attraction, whether magnetism or gravitation, you find yourself immediately in the very depths of the doctrine of miracles. You are surrounded by exactly the same mysteries that you find in the miracles of Christ. Yet these material philosophers don't believe that a man has a spirit; they scoff at the idea of spirit, or spiritual power. Now it seems to me very absurd that mere unintelligent matter, like steel and the earth, should have such forces and powers, and that human beings who are made in the image of God should not. It is easy to believe that an angel, or a being like Jesus Christ who is in communication with eternal life and wisdom should be full of just such, and even vastly superior forces than you can find in connection with mere matter. It seems the most natural thing in the world, that Christ should have control of all these other forces and be able to supersede them as he did in the case of gravitation.

If we are honest, by and by unbelief, and skepticism about spirits, and spiritual power, and miracles, will seem very absurd. There is no more reason why I can not sit here and operate at Oneida, than there is that a magnet should not act at the distance of an inch. The distance is greater, but the law may be the same; there is nothing in the principle to hinder it. Though a conductor is used in the case of sending electricity across the Atlantic Ocean, yet the possibility of acting without a conductor must be unlimited; because if a magnet acts at the distance of an inch without a conductor, there is no reason why it should not act in the same way at the distance of miles. We see that the attraction of gravitation does act miles and miles without a conductor. I am going to assume that it is one of the fundamental laws of all existence, and one that I can avail myself of as well as any body or any thing, that a thing or man can act where it is not. "Though absent in body, yet present in spirit" is the greatest of all laws; it is power to act beyond the presence of the

body and through any obstruction; it is the most fundamental and omnipresent of all laws. There must have been some application of this very law when Christ appeared among his disciples, the doors being shut, and then vanished out of their sight.

OUR ULTIMATE OBJECT.

[The following article by J. H. NOYES was printed in the *Perfectionist*, Putney, April 1, 1843. The thoughtful reader will discern in it the *motive* which led to the formation of the O. C. and which has distinguished it from other socialistic movements.]

HOLINESS and liberty are the two primary elements of the atmosphere of heaven. They are necessary to each other. Holiness can not exist without spiritual liberty, and true liberty can not exist without perfect holiness. The human race, under the guidance of God, is on its way to the attainment of these twin blessings; and every real reformation has one or the other, or both of them, for its object. God may institute a sort of division of labor in the process by which the principles of holiness and liberty are to be evolved. He may employ men to work out and proclaim the doctrines of freedom, who have no concern about holiness. Tom Paine was a mighty champion of human rights, but he had no fear of God before his eyes. The American and French revolutions have shaken the thrones and dominions of the whole world, yet they were the works of men whose hearts were not set on holiness. On the other hand, God may use men and measures that are indifferent or adverse to freedom, in the work of preparing the way of holiness. The law, with all its burdens, was the necessary forerunner of Christ. The great ecclesiastical organizations which have trampled on the liberties of man have unquestionably been employed by him who is over all to promote the "fear of the Lord," which is the germ of holiness. But these are only preparatory operations. The streams which they set in motion are valuable only as tributaries to the river in which they terminate, wherein holiness and liberty are one. The men who are employed in them are hirelings, who receive their reward in wages, as they work. If we would be patriots, and co-workers with God in our labors, and receive our reward in ultimate results, we must set our faces toward both holiness and liberty. But this can not be unless the two objects can be reduced to one. If we seek them both as co-ordinate and independent of each other, we shall be double-minded, and unstable in all our ways. We must have a single eye. Our only way then is to regard one as the end, and the other as the means. And now comes the question, Which of them shall take precedence? Shall we set liberty before us as our ultimate object, and holiness as the way to attain it; or shall we reverse the order, making holiness the end and liberty the means? This question seems likely to prove a wedge of division between the two sorts of reformers who are to be the actors in the scenes that are coming.

Already, there is a large and busy class of dissenters to the doctrine of holiness, who nevertheless have evidently set their hearts on liberty as the principal thing; and who, at least practically, consider holiness only as an auxiliary. These are the men that range themselves under the banner of Anti-Slavery, and seem anxious, or at least willing, to merge Perfectionism in the motley crowd of subordinate reforms which cluster around that standard. These are they who, as religionists, have little to say about holiness and a great deal against legality, ordinances, organization, civil and ecclesiastical subordination. Many of them appear to hold the doctrine of holiness, not as a matter of experience, but as the most eligible weapon of warfare with the churches.

We freely acknowledge that we do not belong to this class; and our sympathies with them are growing less and less. Holiness is the central standard of the army to which we belong; and we believe that all subordinate reforms will ultimately rally to that standard. We seek liberty as the means of holiness. We believe that a soul married to the law and under the beggarly elements of legal religion can not be holy because it can not be married to the Lord, who alone is holy. We would divorce men from legal restraint, not for the sake of the mere liberty which such a divorce bestows, but that they may subject themselves to the spiritual tutelage of God. Our love of liberty is limited by the demands of holiness; and we are willing to subject ourselves to any restraint which, by the laws of true spiritual philosophy, can be shown to be favorable to holiness. Such, we are sure, were the regulations of the Primitive Church.

Whether we, or the liberty men, have chosen the true center, the Lord, in due time, will determine.

KEEPING POTATOES.

THE article on potatoes, from A. B., in the last CIRCULAR, setting forth the good qualities of a certain variety that came under his observation, called my attention to the subject of keeping potatoes. I can fully endorse all the writer says in favor of the Improved Peach Blow, having been acquainted with it from the beginning. However, I propose to avail myself of the opportunity to preach a little sermon, to correct, if possible, the notion which is quite too prevalent, that fine quality in potatoes depends entirely on securing good varieties. This, of course, is of the first importance. But though the variety may be never so good, the cultivation and after treatment of the tubers may be such as to change almost entirely the character of the variety. This fact is well known to many; still it can not, perhaps, be too strongly urged upon the attention of the majority of both cultivators and house-keepers. If you wish nice, mealy, and fine-flavored potatoes you must, in the first place, procure the best varieties; secondly, cultivate them in a rather dry sandy loam, or loamy soil; and thirdly, dig them carefully and in the proper season, and place them immediately in store, in a cool dark cellar or in pits of twenty-five or thirty bushels each. It

should be borne in mind that the tubers always grow in the light, and must be kept in the dark continually or they soon deteriorate—become soggy and bad flavored.

The following method was pursued with our crop of potatoes last season and has proved quite satisfactory:

The potatoes were grown in a sandy loam. They were dug in good season, the weather being favorable. Those intended for winter use were stored in bins, in a cool, dry cellar. The windows were darkened and kept so during the fall and winter. The remainder of the crop, designed for spring and summer use, were pitched on the ground where they grew, and secured from frost by a covering of straw six or eight inches (a foot would be still better) in thickness, and then covered to about the same depth with earth. Also, at the beginning of winter, an additional covering of stable manure was given. This latter precaution may not be necessary where an abundance of straw is used. Frost would probably go through a covering of earth two or three feet in thickness.

We have luxuriated in the finest potatoes during the fall and winter, and have now commenced on our summer store, which are as fine and fresh as when dug in the fall, and will compare favorably with any potatoes that I have ever seen.

H. T.

THE BEST TIME TO CUT HAY.

THE experience of the O. C. on this disputed question is as follows: Last year we commenced haying quite early, too early, some thought, by a fortnight; but not until early clover was pretty well in blossom. Having a large amount of ground to go over, we pushed the business to an early completion.

Before we reached the end it was generally admitted that we were none too soon; if anything we were a week too late in the start. The result of our early harvesting is most manifest in feeding out the crop. Those who have the management of the stock, say that our barns never were filled with better hay. The cattle eat it with avidity. It goes further than hay cut and cured in the ordinary way, because a less quantity is required; there is no waste, and the cattle fed on it keep in a thriving condition. Hear what a Vermont farmer says on the subject:

At a meeting of the Craftsbury (Vt.) Farmers' Club, Feb. 11, Mrs. A. Scott presented a churning of butter—*eleven pounds, from the cream of one cow in six days*, nice and yellow as that made in June. Mr. A. Scott read a paper on the time of cutting grass, as follows:

"The best method I have found yet to cut hay, is to commence about the 10th of June and finish by the 25th of June, if I can; sometimes the weather prevents, so I can not finish until the first days of July. The quality of hay cut the last days of June is not worth but about one-half as much as hay cut previous to the 25th of June. When the herd's-grass puts out its heads in the last days of June, three or four inches of the butts have become hard and woody, and the nutriment of the grass is rapidly leaving the stalk.

"Hay cut the last days of June and the first days of July, I do not feed my cattle until I am obliged to.

"The grass cut from the 10th to the 25th, produced the butter presented you this evening by Mrs. Scott, from an ordinary cow, and quite under-sized. This cow consumes twenty pounds of hay per day, and at \$20 per ton costs twenty cents per day, and yields in return one and one-half pounds of butter per day, as that will be

about the average for the winter. Then deduct the one-half pound to pay for milking, churning, &c., and you have one pound of butter worth fifty cents, and save any time at forty cents, for twenty cents worth of hay.

"Now will you consider the above figures, and make up your minds to lay aside old customs and adopt a better one, that will be sure to give you two to one, instead of feeding twenty cents worth of hay per day, and getting nothing in return but your stock in the spring, without any gain?"

ASPARAGUS.

Auburn, April 10, 1868.

Will one of the O. C. gardeners give me the true method of raising asparagus? E. H. T.

ANSWER.

The first condition necessary for a successful growth of asparagus, is a deep, rich, and fine soil. It should be well pulverized and mixed with well rotted manure to the depth of eighteen inches. If your contemplated patch is small, it can be trenched and the fertilizers mixed in as the work progresses. For a large field, a strong team and plow can be used to plow in all the manure you can possibly afford. In this case the first plow should be followed by a subsoil plow in order to get the required depth of soil. We have had much the best success on a sandy loam.

One-year-old plants are generally considered best for setting. Some, however, think it better to sow the seed just where you want your plants to grow. They should be set about one foot apart in the rows. The rows themselves should be at least two feet apart. Market gardeners recommend a greater distance, for the sake of using a horse in cultivation. The beds should be covered with manure in the fall. This should be forked under in the spring. With a good stand of plants, and with these conditions of soil and manuring, we have found it possible to grow a plenty of asparagus, which certainly is a great luxury. A. B.

GALILEO AND THE INQUISITION.

THE following is a literal extract from the sentence pronounced against Galileo by the seven cardinals appointed as his judges: "To assert that the sun immovable, without change of place, occupies the center of the universe, is an absurd proposition; false in philosophy, and heretical, because it is contrary to the testimony of Scripture. It is equally absurd and false in philosophy to say that the earth is not immovable and not in the center of the universe; and this proposition considered theologically is contrary to the faith." Galileo's abjurations ran as follows: "I, Galileo, in the seventieth year of my age, being on my knees, and having before my eyes the holy gospels, which I touch with my own hands, from my heart and faith sincere, do abjure, curse and detest the absurdities, errors, heresies," &c.—his theory, in short, of the stability of the sun, and motion of the earth. It is reported, however, that rising from the ground, he exclaimed in an under tone, "*E pur si moure*"—"It does move for all that!"

A WOMAN in Brooklyn purchased a quart of milk and found a small fish swimming in it. The milkman thought the cow must have swallowed the fish!

HOW I CAME TO BE HERE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY BY R. S. DE LATRE.

NO. XVII.

OUR guide (who by the way is a Canadian poet, and as such, should better know how to introduce us to the object of his worship) leads us next to the Table Rock, famous for commanding the best view. We are now, you will understand, on the Canada side. When you reach this spot and see what is before you, you will comprehend the feeling that prompted the Indian to cry out, "Ningara!" (Big Thunder!) and surely, "Niagara" it has been ever since. Was that man the very first who ever beheld the Falls? All know what it is (by report at least) to go under the sheet. That is our next exploit. We engage a special guide, pay a quarter, change our clothes, follow the man half-way down the river-bank by a spiral staircase, then some rods along the brink under the precipice, when we encounter the first blast that is to try our mettle as adventurers. It comes from beneath, from a murky-looking cavern, full of tortured vapor, which is dashed into our eyes with a will that tells the whole story. Niagara is lashing the rocks at our feet—a one-hundred-and-fifty-feet stroke! We know now what is before us; but we creep along, life in hand, 'twixt rock and flood, to "Termination Rock!" rejoiced to think there is a termination. It is magnificent, though, sixty feet under that sheet of water! not standing still, mind, but rushing headlong into a terrific abyss. There you are, 'mid the deep thunder of the central column, twenty feet thick as it pours over. It is all spray, all confusion and uproar; perfectly stunning when you seek in vain to get the ear. Niagara thunders. Shall mortal presume to speak? But there is life even here. The cels crawl at our feet. Is that why it is so slippery? Enough; let us hurry back. We have gained our laurels. Step into that grog-shop and get your certificate (/) to show to the world that you have bearded the great Niagara. Henceforth you are reckoned among the heroes!

Satisfied with the efforts connected with this undertaking, we return to our lodgings forcibly impressed with Niagara's claims to distinction, although as yet, but imperfectly known. It is now the all-absorbing theme, despite the cholera even, which has followed us clear from the north of England. A waiter at the hotel is stricken at night and is a corpse in the morning. We have letters of introduction to persons in the neighborhood; to one family in particular, who keep open house, you may say, and whose hospitality is princely. The major-domo is a retired officer, still suffering from a wound received at the battle of Lundy's Lane, and is also sheriff. Having found some very agreeable acquaintances, we buy a horse and buggy for our western tour. Don't imagine though, that we have done with Niagara by any means. There is a great rush for land this season, on the part of retired officers just come out, and we want to be on the field in time. The township of Blandford (a hundred miles due west) had been recommended to us while in Toronto, from which to select our lands, and we are bound for it. Meanwhile; a farm of one hundred and forty-six acres (one hundred cleared) is for sale close by, only a short walk from the Falls. There are a house and barn, a sandy loam with a south aspect, and a woodlot full of chestnut and walnut trees—all to go at forty dollars an acre, buildings included, I think. We get the refusal of it, intending to decide in regard to it on our return from the west; the probability being that we shall like it as a residence for the family, my father having already adopted the new country as his future home. So away we go for the wilds of Canada, leaving my brother in the hands of our new acquaintances, who kindly tender their hospitalities. Being now master of our own movements, we take our own pace and choose our own stopping-places.

Tokens of prosperity are to be met with everywhere. Emigration is giving an immense impulse to business. Every one hopes to make a fortune speedily. Every thing is rude, every thing is hearty and hopeful. One is reminded of Shakespeare:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," &c. Truly is it a flood-tide at this moment, and we feel very much as though carried along by it. Cities which have since attained to a respectable standing, were then in a very crude state. Taking it leisurely, so as to pick up information, we get to Blandford the third day. A fine, rich loam it is; and what timber! No wonder the enterprising Yankee has found his way hither. He helps amazingly to get the land cleared. But the country being newly settled we have to put up with indifferent quarters, at a hungry-looking tavern, lonely, and just skirting the forest. Are you not thinking of mosquitoes? Can you accommodate us, Mr. Felin, for a day or two? Mr. F. assures us that he can; and moreover, that he can show us all through the woods, being "thoroughly acquainted in these parts." Good! we make the best of it, covering our faces at night and breathing through the sheets. Oh, the suffocation! These mosquitoes are a most provoking foil to the romance of a new country. The *argumentum ad hominum* is a little too pungent. We have to encounter them in the woods; but there, switch in hand, we are a match for them. However, it is very unpoetical, to say the least. A map of this section of the township, pointing out the vacant lots, had been procured at the land-office, so that our guide can take us at once, to any point desired.

Now, reader, fancy yourself making your first plunge into an American forest. A few divergent foot-paths meet the eye, perhaps, on the outset, but it is not long before you are entirely at the mercy of your guide. He, and he only, is now "cock of the walk," and for the time being what an oracle! Alas for our strolls! We are in leading-strings. Every step we now take, we imagine no human foot ever trod there before. But what a singular clash between the sentimental and the practical. The man that leads us is all for bread-and-butter; but we have one foot in this world and one in another. What would this world be without the faculty of romance? These very forests would be an intolerable bore without it. These rude, uncultivated men care naught for the aesthetic value of these scenes. The ax and the cord-wood are all they see.

Before we get through we have a stroll, probably of twelve miles, over a rolling surface. Occasionally, a cedar or tamarack swamp, almost impenetrable in places, cools our ardor. The timber is superb. We thought so, when trying to find the tops of those pines, towering aloft one hundred and fifty feet in the air. The wood is chiefly beech, maple, oak and chestnut. Then these ponds, as they call them (known in England as lakelets); we had our eye on them from the first. Consisting of water, they are not coveted by the mere tiller of the soil; but the landscape gardener knows their value. One of them is said to contain an area of from fifty to seventy acres. We do not hesitate a moment in choosing the lot. It may some day become a fine country-residence. Thus we speculate; but the plaguy mosquitoes remind us that "there's many a slip 'tween the cup and the lip." We are some three or four miles from the highway, still we fondly cherish our hope, it is so beautiful a sheet of water, and so full of fine fish; viz., pike, and such as the pike shall choose to leave. The water is very deep for the extent of surface, and of a fine quality. We can not select all we are entitled to in a day by any means. More than eighteen hundred acres have to be scrutinized. Hark now! the wolf is on our track! What mean those howlings? Are they forebodings of the doom of his forest home? or are they the cravings of an insatiate maw? Foreign blood, no doubt, would be somewhat spicy. The craven beast skulks in our trail, while the forest echoes his despair. It is dusk and the guide is telling a wolf story, but we shall soon be clear of the woods.

About seven miles from this place, where the road intersects with the river Thames, is the site of the prospective city of Woodstock. The valley here has some claims to beauty. The truth is, that the forests of this region, which from this point, may be seen extending along the slopes, are both rich in foliage and complete in outline. Already is this

locality attracting crowds, and it promises to be a fine farming country. So we are satisfied with our choice, and having spent another day or two in fixing upon our lots, we make a few calls among the settlers. Among them is Captain D—, unconscious of his future fame as leader of the attack on the Caroline, of Navy Island notoriety.

This is a hot month for traveling, this month of July, and we are glad to turn the horse's head toward the spray of Niagara.

THE CIRCULAR.

O. C., MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1868.

REMOVAL.

OFFICE OF ONEIDA COMMUNITY.
885 Broadway.

On May 1st, the business of this Office will be removed to ONEIDA, N. Y., to which place all orders and correspondence should then be addressed.

New York, April 1, 1868.

AN ONEIDA JOURNAL.

April 25.—Spring comes on slowly. The farmers, however, are wide awake. They have been plowing, sowing barley, setting strawberry-plants, &c.; 60,000 of the latter are to be planted. That semi-annual scourge, house-cleaning, has held sway for a few weeks past. A regular company are organized, who take in hand apartment after apartment until all the premises are gone over. Blessings on them for the results of their labors! Last year, some rows in the strawberry-field were set apart to individuals who wished to pick and eat at their own pleasure. The managers found, however, that after the excitement of the first two or three pickings was over, the berries were neglected. We have decided to return them to the general field this year. Most of our attempts at individualism end thus.

An Englishman, son of a wealthy landed proprietor; a musician, educated in the conservatories of Paris and London, called a few days ago. Spiritual troubles, with a reading of Dixon's "New America," had led him to this country, where he endeavored to attach himself to the Shakers at New Lebanon. Finding no scope for his peculiar talents he left them and came to visit us. Poor man! He had been caught in Swedenborg's web; so he found no real unity with us, and reluctantly left.

Evening Conversation. G.—"I find that I have been apt to form an external idea of this principle of 'going home.' That is, it has seemed too great to me. I find that it is a still, small thing to enter into the closet and meet God. It is not a noisy, obtrusive, astounding affair: it requires the spirit to be hushed and still, and the attention to be concentrated in a microscopic way. I find also that the results of this waiting on God, and inward attention to faith, are greater than I expect them to be. Though to go to God and talk with him in this still, small voice, may not produce any great thought and emotion, it is like warming ourselves by the fireside. When you have met God in your heart you have received things that you will feel afterward. This is the Comforter which Christ promised his disciples."

W.—"I know that whoever succeeds in going home to God, will receive a warmth and sunshine not found elsewhere. This is the bread that if a man eat of it, he shall not hunger, for it is from heaven."

Out of respect for the prejudices of our neighbors we suspend business in the shops and out-doors on Sunday. Though there are many committees and meetings to be held on that day and bees of various kinds are called for, there is yet considerable time which may be lost in idleness or unprofitable employments if persons are not wide awake in regard to its disposition. We have had some talk lately as to the true way in which Sunday should be spent. Our attempts at having religious meetings have amounted to little; and there is really something contrary to good sense in trying to make Sunday an especially

good, religious day, now that we know all days to be holy. To put a special varnish on one day, when we believe all days to be equally holy, would be a kind of hypocrisy. People who do not sanctify all their time may find profit in varnishing a part of it with a show of religion. We think it is a great deal better to spend the Sabbath in the old Puritan way—in soberness and church-going—than to make it, as the French do, a day of diversions and amusements. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," is a good motto. "It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day," is a good motto. We have the means and ordinances for saving our souls going on every day, and we see no necessity for having special ordinances on one day. Any occupation which will not disturb the prejudices and feelings of the world around us, had far better be continued on Sunday than to give the day up to idleness or any kind of diversion, keeping in mind always our daily need of "going home."

One afternoon this week, two squaws were found standing in the entry of our mansion house. Mrs. A—, supposing them to be beggars, asked what they wished. "Want to look," said they. They were shown around the house and into the Hall, and appeared completely bewildered. All they could do was to raise both hands and exclaim, "Oh!" They heard the noise of the sewing-machine and inquired about it. When they saw its operation their astonishment, if possible, increased. They had never seen one before.

Housekeepers sometimes economize their stale bread by thoroughly drying it and then grinding it in a coffee-mill, forming a substance which is called "rusk." A youngster of four years, amused those near him at the supper-table the other evening, by saying, "Aunt Mary, will you please pass me some of that *sawdust*?"

A WALLINGFORD JOURNAL.

April 20.—We assembled in the Hall as usual, at 7 o'clock, when it suddenly occurred to us that G. W. N., our reader, was gone; and the question came up as to what we should read, since we did not like to go on reading the *Witness* until he came back. We discussed the subject quite merrily for awhile; but finally Mr. Noyes said, "Didn't we read something in the old *Perfectionist* the other evening about the marriage of Stephen Leonard and Fanny White? Let's have them tell their story." This proposition was heartily approved by all, and Mr. Leonard was called on to begin, which he did, giving quite an interesting narrative. He said that his father's name was Ephraim, and his father's twin brother's name was Manasseh. When he had finished his story, Mrs. Leonard was asked to tell hers. It was listened to with deep interest. Her account of her recovery from sickness by faith, was thrilling. When she had finished, Mr. Noyes said, "I might observe, that Fanny remarked to some of us rather privately, that though she and Stephen lived in the house together a year after they were engaged, they never kissed each other, or took hold of each other's hands during all that time; but 'walked in all the ordinances of the law blameless.' That was in 1844, two years before we started the Social Theory. It was the time when we were carrying out the principles of the Primitive Church. I think it must have been a remarkable experience to live a year in that state. It beats the Puritans altogether. They, I suppose, had a regular custom of what they called 'bundling' in such circumstances."

Mr. Smith, of Prospect, made us a visit the other day. He gave us an account of the late revival in Prospect under the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Potter. He said it was the first revival there had been in that village since 1834. Before that time revivals were very frequent; but since then, the church has been "like the heath in the desert." Mr. Noyes remarked,

"I take these revivals as a symptom of the passing away of the old clouds of unbelief and infidelity. Old prophet Austin used to say that the Millennium was going to commence on Mount Prospect." "Yes," replied Mr. Smith, "he said that the Kingdom of God was coming on the high hills; so he pitched upon

Prospect as the place." Mr. S. also said that the church there which formerly numbered over two hundred and fifty, could not of late years count more than one-fourth that number; and that the Baptist church which forty years ago was a powerful body in Prospect, was entirely dissolved. As he was passing the spot a few days ago, where that church stood, he saw that there was not one stone left upon another. He thinks this late revival promises to have a very salutary effect on the place.

The women frequent the river these warm, sunny days, and appreciate the growing warmth of the water; but our adventurers who have kept up their daily ablutions through the winter, aver that the water is becoming decidedly flat—"has lost the nice, mustard tang that it had a few weeks ago."

In an evening conversation on the different Associative movements which have been made in this country and have failed, Mr. Noyes made the following remarks: "It is evident that there was a monstrous mistake in Fourier's philosophy of the passions. His theory of the passions, was, that they check one another; and the more selfish people are, the better; that you must not attempt to cure folks of their inordinate affections, but arrange circumstances so that one passion will check another; get up excitements that will neutralize and balance the passions. There was a monstrous lie in all that, and people found it so when they came to try it. The idea was that if a certain number of persons could be brought together under particular conditions there would be no need of criticism and training; they would fall into line and become harmonious just by the action and reaction of their own passions. I am confident that if these Associations had had greater numbers, more capital, and all that Fourier asked for, they would have had a worse hell even than they did in their inferior circumstances.

"We began to work on the idea that human nature must be improved in the first place, by conversion to Christ and spiritual experience; and then be kept in a state of improvement by daily meetings and criticism. With those provisions we succeeded right along. We have had the same trials, the same threatenings and distresses which these Associations have had, and a great many trials that they never experienced. They never were persecuted in an external way and threatened by mobs and newspapers as we have been. We have had all the internal difficulties they had, and at the same time terrible persecutions going against us; lawsuits and determined attempts on all sides of us to break us up.

"Greeley, in his 'Recollections of a Busy Life,' in the *Ledger*, confesses that the religious Associations succeed and the irreligious do not; but he thinks the latter may, and has some hopes that they will. That is the great issue which is being tried, and which must be settled before the public can get any benefit; it must be settled whether religion is essential to socialism or not. We must meet this issue with all the arguments we have—carry public opinion clear over to the belief that Christianity and nothing but Christianity, will make Associations successful. Then will be the beginning of the Millennium. There are thousands, and I don't know but millions in this country now, who are hungering for Association—can hardly live without it; and yet can not get it because they have not settled this important question. They have not asked the Lord for it. James says, 'Ye lust and have not; ye kill and desire to have, and can not obtain; ye fight and war, yet ye have not, because ye ask not. Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts.' I am gradually getting my ideas clear, and I see that before I am fit to write a book on Association, I shall have to thoroughly investigate the philosophy of the passions, and be able to refute Fourier's whole theory about them. He pretended to have calculated correctly and scientifically the orbit of human nature; but I know he has not."

—Let us not have *two* homes—one external and one internal. Let us have *one* home and lay up all our treasures there, believing that God will beautify it with every thing that is good for us.

OUR WALLINGFORD LETTER.

Wallingford, April 20, 1868.

DEAR CIRCULAR:—Things in-doors go on pleasantly, but with little routine. Business in the job printing-office is prospering, and whenever our agent comes with (and sometimes without) orders from abroad, he tells of good prospects for the future. We have lately had several pleasant arrivals. J. H. Van Velzer from O. C., to relieve J. P. Hutchins in the kitchen; M. Kinsley from N. Y., and F. Marks from O. C., to take charge of the farm and fruit. We are also having a flying visit from E. H. Hamilton and O. L. Aiken. The seven o'clock reading hour is at present occupied with a manuscript history by McDonald, of the origin and failure of numerous Associative movements in this country, of the Owen and Fourier stamp. We have many a laugh at the mention of the saw-mills with which almost every Association commenced, remembering that we started with a saw-mill at Oneida. It was suggested that when we write a book on Associations, it should have an engraving of a saw-mill for a frontispiece, and that a saw-mill should be laid down as the first principle of Association. J. H. N. has given us several lectures on Astronomical science. He and E. H. H. have been to-day erecting on the roof of the new Office a contrivance for obtaining the meridian line with accuracy.

The out-door work is progressing with tolerable satisfaction, in spite of the snow and rain which kept the men off the soil half the days of April's first fortnight. A fine piece of ground has been set with raspberry-plants, and the setting of somewhat more than five acres of strawberry-plants is nearly half done. The grape-vines are mostly uncovered and will soon be tied to their trellises.

One who has lived long in a city or been shut up in the house all winter, inhales with delight the fresh odors, and hears with intense pleasure the varied sounds of spring in the country. To be sure, the sight of hens and ducks does not arouse peculiarly glowing feelings in our New Haven friends, who used to tell of being waked at all hours of the night by the crowing of fowls in the neighbors' yards; but the chanticleers of W. C., either have a better sense of nocturnal proprieties than their city cousins, or they are so far removed from our dormitories that they do not disturb our dreams. The first sound that catches your attention after waking is the rat-tat-tat of a hungry woodpecker in the woods near by, "who goes to grub" thus early in the morning, and earns it (the grub) by hammering it out of the tree. When you are roused a little more you will hear the robins and blue-birds carolling among the apple-trees. If you lie and listen for more delicate sounds you may become conscious of the faintest little coo, the close of the plaintive and tender note of the mourning-dove, far up on the hill. Perhaps a distant partridge may make the crescendo of his reveille so loud that you may know it.

One day the past week the crows of the neighborhood had a "monster mass-meeting" on the top of Mount Tom; but from the lack of an interpreter of the crow dialect we are unable to state whether the discussion turned on family matters or questions of politics, though from the crow-ded state of the forest and the clamorous nature of the debate the subjects were evidently of general interest. Quip thinks the crows this year will be very ravenous.

All the long afternoon, and more especially in the evening when other noises cease, we hear the piping cry of the Hylas coming up from the river. Many of us have always supposed this noise to be made by the common frog. Our Nimrod, however (J. P. H.), who may occasionally be seen going riverward with a Newhouse trap in hand, or returning with a muskrat, took a fancy in one of his rambles by the river, to see if he could catch a frog in the act of uttering this vernal vesper call. So he got his eye upon a fine specimen of the genus Rano, and then waited for him to deliver himself. But if he opened his mouth at all it was only to croak, not to pipe. The patience of our hunter was not, however, to be unrewarded, for he suddenly felt his ear pierced by the little shriek close by him, and saw its author in

the grass, with his throat swelling at every cry, almost as large as the frog in the fable. To capture the little creature was easy, and it was brought to the house for all to see. It resembles the frog, but is smaller, the body being about an inch long, of a grayish-yellow color, and having a kind of sack under the neck.

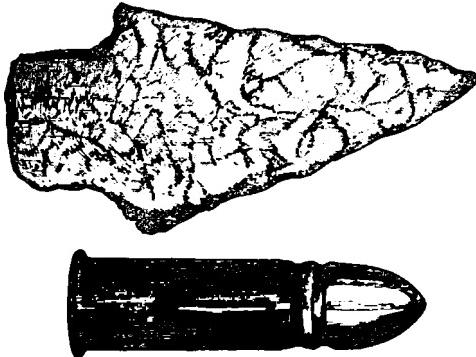
H. J. Seymour says that this animal is called the Hylas, but as our Natural History is unfortunately away, I am unable to obtain any further certain information about it. I conclude the name must be derived from the old story of Hercules's young companion in the Argonautic expedition, who was fabled to have been carried off by nymphs while drawing water at a fountain. Hercules and his followers sought him for a long time in vain, and an annual feast was afterwards instituted, at which his name was repeatedly called aloud. At any rate our evenings now are vocal,

"While 'Hylas, Hylas' rings from all the shore."

J. J. S.

BARBARISM AND CIVILIZATION.

FOR JUVENILES.



"A STORY! Well, what shall it be about? Giants and fairies? Oh no! don't let us think about them. When you are grown up to be men and women you will want to look back to true things—not such hob-goblins. Well, let me think; what true story can I tell you? Oh, now I know. But first let me show you something I have in my pocket. See here! do you see this funny stone? It isn't round like common stones—it has sharp edges, so sharp they would almost cut you, and it is symmetrical as the great big philosophers say: that is, it is just alike on both sides. Now what do you suppose it is? A diamond! Oh! Fanny, a diamond is transparent; that is, you could look right through it; but this is almost black. Besides, a diamond as large as this would be worth more than a hundred thousand dollars and I should not carry it in my pocket. Well, I will tell you what it is. It is an Indian arrow-head. An Indian made it to put in the end of his arrow to shoot with. One day last summer, as uncle Seymour was going over his strawberry-field at Wallingford, he saw the point sticking out of the dirt, and he took it to the brook and washed it and brought it up to the house. Some old Indian made it hundreds of years ago. The arrow it belonged to has decayed all away. We can not tell whether it was just finished when it was lost, or whether it was in the head of an arrow for a long while and killed birds and deer and, perhaps a man. And now I have some thing else in my pocket. What do you think it is? A bullet! Ah! George where did you ever see a bullet? Yes, this is one. But it is more. It is what they call a cartridge. It has this copper chamber full of powder with something to make it take fire in the inside. You slip it right into the gun and it is ready to fire. This was made in Connecticut too. When Father Noyes went to Canada with the trappers he bought some of them, and this is one he had left. Now if you will be real still I will tell you two stories.

"A great many years ago—long before the white men came to this country—an Indian woman stood in the door of a wigwam which was at the edge of a vast, silent forest. She was looking into the forest to see if she could hear any signs of the coming of her husband who had gone away with other braves to

fight his enemies. That morning they had armed themselves and taken up their line of march, one following another, and disappeared in the forest. Now the sun was taking his last look over the mountains and the west wind made a soft murmur in the pine-trees. The night was coming down and the squaw stood watching for her brave to come back. She stood so long in the door-way that the papoose which was strapped on a board and leaning against the side of the wigwam, near the fire, began to cry. So she took it up in her arms and stood again watching at the door. The night grew darker. By and by she heard a rustling in the leaves of the forest, which she knew to be the footsteps of the Indian warriors, and she ran down a little way into the forest to meet them. There, by the dim light of the stars she saw them bringing a wounded man. She ran yet closer. It was her brave; her husband. Do you think you can imagine how she felt? A great rough arrow-head had made a hole right in his side. They carried him into the wigwam, and she nursed him long and lovingly, but he died. She could not live alone among strangers: so she took the papoose on her shoulder and disappeared in the dark forest in search of the wigwam of her father.

"Now I will tell you another story. Not far from the place where the Indian's wigwam was, stands a little white house. In the door of this house, only four or five years ago, stood a woman. She was not a dark-skinned squaw. She was white and fair, and her face was beautiful. She, too, was watching for some one. It was not her husband, for he was so far away that she did not expect him back for a long time. He had gone away months before to the great war for the Union. But she was looking for the man who carried the mail-bag from the railroad-station to the village. There were rumors that a great battle had taken place and she was watching for the man to come with a newspaper. Evening was coming on, and the air was filled with the sweet odor of the hay the men had been mowing that morning, and the happy swallows were skimming along the meadow where the great forest formerly stood. By and by she heard the mail-carrier's wagon-wheels down the road, and she ran down to get the paper. He handed it to her and she ran back and sat down on the door-step to read by the fading daylight. She opened the sheet and saw a long list of dead and wounded soldiers. She ran her eye down the column: but pretty soon she dropped the paper on her knees and her face turned white. She had seen her husband's name in the list of wounded and it said he was wounded in the side. Probably a great rifle-bullet like that, had hit him. She went into the house and took up her baby and hugged it a long while. The next day she started to go down to the army, but whether she ever found her husband, or what became of her I do not know.

"Now, do you think men and women have changed much in the long time between the squaw and the white woman? Not much? Well, I think you will see a little change if you look sharp. Why did the Indian brave go against his enemies? To catch some slaves perhaps, or to have revenge for some insult. But the white man went to help set slaves at liberty. There is a great difference, although they both fought alike. But there is a better way than either to do great deeds or to set slaves at liberty—people who don't know they are slaves. If you grow up good men and women, and help to make a Community of true loving brothers and sisters, you will do more to help the world than even the white man who went to the war for the Union."

CHEMISTRY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

v.

LABORATORY NO. III.

A NY one visiting the basement of the mill at the present time, will notice that a small room is partitioned off in the north-west corner. On looking in at the door, he will see a chaotic mass of rubbish; boxes, barrels, broken wheels, pieces of shafting, piles of iron and the usual *debris* of worn-out machinery. The walls are damp and dusty, and the sunlight with difficulty sifts its way through the mass

of cobwebs and dirt with which the two windows are thickly coated. A more unattractive place can hardly be imagined. Entering the room and examining more carefully its contents, the curious visitor will notice in one corner, nearly buried beneath a mass of broken machinery, something that resembles a laboratory furnace, but now broken and useless. Other fragments of chemical apparatus may be seen amid the mass that nearly fills the room, indicating that the place was probably once used for carrying on operations in practical chemistry. Even so. This dismal apartment, now used as a "catch-all" and inhabited only by rats and spiders, was once Laboratory No. III.

I selected this place, on account of its surroundings. The room being dark and unattractive and having no near neighbors but water-wheels, toms, drums, blowers, and the general basement machinery of an active manufacturing establishment, I felt perfectly safe in locating a Laboratory in one corner.

On presenting a request to the building department for the necessary amount of lumber for the purpose, I was advised to suspend active operations for a while, and more thoroughly mature my plans. Although much disappointed at the turn of affairs, I accepted the suggestion, and concluded that I had better turn my attention in some other direction. But in a few days I unexpectedly received permission to go on with the Laboratory, and was given full liberty to use all the lumber necessary in its construction. I never could quite ascertain what caused this sudden change on the part of the building committee, but always suspected that certain interested friends had used their influence in my behalf.

With renewed enthusiasm I began the work, hoping that I had at last found a permanent abiding-place where I could pursue my favorite study without molestation. The labor was rather heavy, and several times I nearly exhausted my small stock of skill as a carpenter, in overcoming unforeseen difficulties. I persevered, however, and in about six weeks, had finished off a Laboratory that in every respect, so far as I could see, was all that could be desired. I soon found that I was mistaken. Before I was fairly settled in my new quarters, I found myself in active warfare with the two greatest enemies of practical chemists—dust and dampness. The room above me was occupied by an energetic wagon-maker, whose vigorous blows on the "hatchet block" sent showers of dust down through the cracks in the floor, covering in the most exasperating manner, work-bench, chemist and chemicals, with a thick layer of sawdust and shop dirt. To guard against this annoyance, I ceiled the room overhead; an undertaking that cost me a great deal of hard work, and several lame backs. No sooner, however, had I secured myself in one direction, than I found myself assailed in another. The toms in the adjoining room sent forth clouds of fine dust which penetrated every crack and crevice, no matter how small; drifting in through the open door and covering all with a black, sticky coating of oil and dust. As it was impossible to proceed without abating this nuisance, I built a double wall to the room, and finally papered over every crack and knot-hole I could find. These operations settled the dust question, and I had no further trouble from that quarter.

Soon after completing this Laboratory, one of the leading business men horrified me with a proposition to allow the tin-shop to occupy a part of my room. What an idea! A tin-shop and a stove-pipe manufactory, in a chemical Laboratory! As soon as I recovered from my astonishment at the suggestion, I told him that no one but a chemist could possibly live in a room where noxious gases were being evolved in great quantities, which, I intimated, would probably be the case in the room under consideration. This view of the matter was entirely satisfactory, and the proposition was withdrawn as quite impracticable.

G. E. C.

An Irish emigrant hearing the sunset gun, asked "What's that?" "Why, that's sunset," was the reply. "Sunset!" exclaimed Pat; "and does the sun go down in this country with such a bang as that?"

CORRESPONDENCE.

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

Dumbarton, N. B., Jan. 27, 1868.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I have been reading the CIRCULAR, for some two-and-a-half years. It is not my present intention to discuss my objections to its social teachings, or to tell how they gradually melted away; but to speak of more vital questions. The doctrine of Salvation from Sin, commended itself to me at once, as Bible truth; though I had never before seen it set forth outside of the inspired Book. Also, your theory of Christ's Second Coming, throwing light, as it did, on the plain teachings of Christ and his apostles on that subject, which abound in the New Testament, I immediately accepted. When Mr. Cragin, in his "Story of a Life," came to the happy experience of himself and wife in their confession of Christ, I was filled with a desire for the same happiness; but I could not feel at liberty to go forward without *more light*; and so the matter rested till the story of Mr. Eber came out, in the "Talks in the Strawberry Field." His account of his own experience so wrought upon me that I was upon the point of confessing Christ, and made up my mind to venture all on a confession as soon as my husband came home from his daily work. But before the opportunity occurred, I had concluded to wait till I could send for and receive the tract on "Salvation from Sin," that I might get a better view of the subject. About this time, I read J. H. N.'s discourse on "Forcing Faith," which strengthened my decision. I wrote at once for the tract; but both the letter and the book were delayed, so I did not receive the latter till three weeks ago. I eagerly opened it, glanced over a part of its contents, and read the chapter on "Christian Faith" before I retired. Before I slept I "confessed Christ in me a Savior from all sin." This was January 5th. I will now make a few extracts from my diary:

"Jan. 7th.—I have not yet felt the evidence of my Savior's presence in me, that I had hoped for. Perhaps I forced myself into a confession without true faith. But does not this doubt come from my soul's enemy? Who am I, to dictate to my Lord and Master the time and manner of his appearing? I must look within for the cause."

I had just written the above when my attention was directed to the Home-Talk in a late CIRCULAR on "Salvation by Analysis." I thought it put me on the right track. Looking within, I found a pile of secrets, some of them black and revolting. I tried to resolve that I would confess them at once. It was a hard struggle. My conscience said, "You can not reach the New Jerusalem with a burden of the works of darkness." "But I can not see my parents to whom this confession belongs," I objected. "Then you can write." So I wrote my confession without varnish or apology, and gave it to my husband to read and deliver.

"Jan. 16th.—O, for the assurance of full salvation! for the witness of the Spirit in me, that my sins are blotted out! O, that my Savior would manifest his presence in me, as a *whole* Savior, and take away my sins! Lord, help me, to remove all barriers to thy free entrance. Surely, I believe that thou art in me, a Savior from all sin; and have confessed thee with my mouth. But the question still arises. Have I felt true repentance; was not my confession forced, premature, and made without true faith? I feel great restraint in speaking on the subject. Lord, enable me to take up this, and every other cross for thy sake. Let me not be overcome by doubts or unbelief.

"Jan. 20th.—'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead thou shalt be saved.' Then I am saved; why do I not realize the blessed fact? Why do I not experience that joy and peace in believing which I read and hear that others enjoy? Has not my faith been faith of the heart? I have not believed cunningly devised fables; but the true and glorious gospel of Jesus Christ.

"Jan. 22d.—I have felt a diminished interest in my

soul's salvation and its author, these few days. My attention is more easily given to other things. O, Jesus! let not thy work in my soul be thus quenched! I committed myself to thee, and thou wilt not send me away empty."

I have given these extracts that you may see the real state of my mind; and I trust that your practiced eye may discover the cause of my spiritual darkness.

Last evening I read in an old CIRCULAR some one's experience in overcoming fear and shame. During the reading, and for some time afterward, I experienced a violent mental struggle between a determination to renew my confession of Christ, then and there, and a like determination on the part of the enemy to keep my lips sealed. My husband was preparing to retire, but I said, "No: I will not go to bed until I conquer the devil, who would bind me hand, foot, and tongue;" and with Christ's strength I did conquer. After the struggle was over, I enjoyed a calm peace of mind and even happiness: but not the sweet consciousness of my Savior's presence, that my soul longs for; nor the "witness of the Spirit" unto salvation, which I have been taught to expect. Surely this "witness of the Spirit"—the fruit of faith and confession—is not a doubtful work, but positive and unmistakable. In the time of the apostles, the believer was told to "Arise, and be baptized, and wash away his sins." From what I can learn, I believe your practice ignores the ordinance of Baptism. But I do not see your grounds for so doing.

I believe my orders to write to you, are from as high a source as were Cornelius's orders to send for Peter. At least, I could not get rid of the impression that I *must* write to you for light. If you can give me the light I need, it will be an unspeakable favor; for I *must* have salvation at whatever cost.

Truly yours, S. J. C.

[After your confession we can trust Christ, if you can not, to save you. We do not make much of sensations. They will take the place of faith if we let them, but they make God a liar many times. Be not weary in well doing. Do not regard your feelings too much. God's ways are not our ways.]

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

Kendallville, Ind., Feb. 29, 1868.

EDITORS OF THE CIRCULAR:—I wish to express my thanks for your paper and to say that it has been beneficial to me. Many ideas advanced by you, though not very generally entertained elsewhere, correspond with my own. Among them, are the doctrines (if I understand you aright) that there have been no attainments in holiness, in faith or in power (even to the working of miracles) in the past, which the people of God present and future may not aspire to, and rationally expect to attain. And this includes the power to cast out devils. Another, or in part the same idea, is conveyed in the command of Christ, "Be ye *perfect* even as your Father in heaven is perfect." I believe that Christ meant just what he said. Another idea is that the Second Coming of Christ is past. I never could reconcile in my mind the words, "*Behold I come quickly*," with the lapse of 1800 years since that promise was made. Yours is the first public statement of the doctrine that I have seen. But I have a difficulty on the subject which I wish you could help me to solve; and that is, that I have no evidence of any *historical* recognition of such a fact, or that man in the natural world had any intimation of the fulfillment of Paul's prophecy: "We shall not all sleep but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," &c. While the Second Coming would be chiefly recognizable in the spirit world, I did suppose there would be some *earthly* evidence of the fact of the true followers of Christ being suddenly translated. (1)

Another difficulty arises from Paul's language above quoted, "We shall *all* be changed." That would seem to leave no church on earth—not even a seed remaining. If so, who next preached the gospel of Christ on earth? (2)

The social system of Oneida, is one which I hold under advisement. It is, beyond question, a

happier condition than exists with one-half of the married couples on earth; and, as conducted, must strongly tend toward a healthier rising generation than we generally find through the country. Besides, there are many other advantages tending to religious and mental progress, too self-evident to require discussion. But its theological justification is not yet complete with me. I have seen in the CIRCULAR but one item giving scriptural justification for the system, and that alone was not sufficient. I had hoped for the love I bear toward the Community and the great cause you are engaged in promoting, that farther explanatory authorization would be given in the CIRCULAR, in order to satisfy or silence public clamor on that point. To illustrate: While I know from the inmost depths of my own heart that you are part and parcel of God's people, and while my heart goes out in full sympathy toward you, and would call down numberless blessings on your heads, there are many other well-meaning people who stumble at your social system, and are led thereby to reject the whole arrangement as impure. I loaned four CIRCULARS to a Methodist family with whom I have been on friendly social terms for two years. I referred them specially and only to the doctrine of Christian perfection advocated in the CIRCULAR, which they also believed in. When the papers were returned they were condemned and more of the same kind refused. I contended that if the Oneida Community were in error in regard to any portion of their system they were *honest* at all events, and believed themselves to be right. But the Methodist lady could not be pacified. She condemned your social system, and because I defended the Bible Communists she has not recognized or spoken to me since, though I meet her every week at the Good Templars and elsewhere. So much for her prejudice founded upon ignorance. I have distributed many of the CIRCULARS which are well received. Some I send to Iowa and some to Missouri. (3)

A suggestion: You command Bible Communism to the world. You foster the desire to escape from the universal selfishness and discord of common society, and yet discourage the disposition sometimes expressed by outsiders to found similar institutions elsewhere. I know your reasons and they are good. But what shall we do? Something ought to be done—something must be done. The universal incentives to selfishness in common society must be removed before the Kingdom can come. (4)

P. S.

REPLY.

(1) All the preceding signs of the Second Coming which Christ and Paul predicted, were to the letter fulfilled. Persecutions, famines, wars, deceivers and false Christs, thickened toward the close of the apostolic age. The gospel was universally preached, and finally the destruction of Jerusalem itself, which was to be the great external exponent of the judgment of the Second Coming, took place. These were all visible facts, and their fulfillment is matter of undisputed history. When a series of predicted events are seen to follow each other in the succession appointed up to the last of them, which was to be by express arrangement, a partially private one, the presumption is as strong as possible that that final link was also supplied. The following paragraph from the Brean, setting forth the nature of the Second Coming in its relations to external history, may be worth considering:

"As he ascended, so he descended. As he ascended only in the presence of his friends, so he descended only in the presence of his friends. As he ascended in the angelic world, so he descended in the angelic world. As unbelievers knew nothing of his ascension, so unbelievers knew nothing of his descent. He entered the house of this world 'like a thief' unseen by the world, and took the goods he sought, viz., the few believers that remained looking for him, and departed leaving the world asleep. The abduction of a few despised individuals was not likely to excite much attention in that time of turbulence and slaughter. The silence of history, only proves that Christ came as he ascended, and as he predicted 'like a thief in the night.' The private nature of the Second Coming is clearly illustrated by the parable of the ten virgins. Mat. 25: 1-21. That parable occurs immediately after the description of the Second

Coming in the 24th chapter. 'THEN,' says Christ, 'shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins,' &c. We suppose the virgins to represent the Primitive Church, and the bridegroom's coming the Second Advent. And how did the bridegroom come? Not as many suppose, at mid-day; not even in the sight of all who went forth to meet him; but 'at midnight the cry was made,' and not only the world, but the foolish virgins, missed the sight of him. He appeared only to them that were ready."

The fact that history does not report the disappearance of Christ's followers at the time indicated, ranks as an objection, only after assuming that there was a noticeable multitude of such disappearances. But this is not to be assumed; on the contrary, the most natural presumption raised by Bible language is, that the number of those disciples who were chosen to survive to the coming of Christ and participate in the translation then appointed, was not a large one. Christ's own language on this point is somewhat guarded. He limits it in several ways. "There be *some* [not all], standing here which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of man coming in his Kingdom." "If I will that *he* [John] tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" "Then shall *two* be in the field; the one shall be taken and the other left," &c. These expressions do not point to a miscellaneous crowd, but to a select few scarcely rising above the bounds of individual designation. As confirming the idea that most of the true church had passed into the other world at the time of the Second Coming, we refer to Christ's terribly emphatic words about the time of suffering that was to come upon believers as the great crisis drew nigh. He says: "Then shall be great tribulation, such as was not from the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be. And except those days should be shortened, no flesh should be saved; but for the ELECT's sake, those days shall be shortened." We understand him to mean by this, that most of the church would naturally fall before the storm, and that nothing but a special interposition could preserve even the elect; i. e., the few who were chosen and appointed to live through to the great change. In view of these hardships, he significantly asks in another place, "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" For further allusion to the unexampled tribulations of the faithful in the latter days, see the messages to the seven churches of Asia given in Revelation. It would seem that as Christ, just before his resurrection entered into a conflict and agony in which he would have died, but for the supporting presence of the angels sent on purpose to succor him, so the church had its Gethsemane just before the Second Coming, and the number of those who survived it may have been few. It should ever be borne in mind, that the Second Coming was to take effect, not on the mass of nominal Christians, but only on the true spiritual core of the church. The virgins who missed the bridegroom at least equalled in numbers those who went in with him to supper. Suppose a hundred or more persons, scattered through Greece, and a similar number in Judea and Italy, to have disappeared. There were no means then of knowing that their disappearance was simultaneous, and isolated facts of this kind would have created only a neighborhood stir. There are many unaccounted-for disappearances in London alone, every year, and yet, they are not formally noticed in history.

(2) We accept the conclusion that all the mature believers who lived at the time of the Second Coming were changed and withdrawn. Christ undertook to finish and carry through to the resurrection, a select portion of humanity; and this he did. The train that started on the day of Pentecost, went through to the final station—a part of it *via* hades or death, and a part by the direct route of visible life. Those who started with the apostles, came together in the resurrection from both these routes. "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." "We which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent [go before] them which are asleep." With the mass of persons who may have called themselves Christians, and who were left behind, ignorant of what had taken place, we are not concerned. Christ is responsible only for those who took passage in the apostolic train. The Bible

was left to sow the seed of a future uprising; but the original gospel, we think, was not reproduced in a living manner till the testimony of perfect Holiness appeared in 1834.

(3) As our correspondent has read the CIRCULAR only a year, and has not taken pains to inform himself of what we have issued during many previous years in other publications, he is hardly qualified to censure us for neglect in putting forth doctrines. The position of the Community, with its reasons from the Bible, can be fully understood by any one who is in earnest to inquire. To persons prejudiced, as those he describes, a weekly exposition would be of small account. They would not read it.

(4) Our object in commanding Communism as a fruit, is to call attention, so far as we can, to the tree on which it grows; that is, to the religion of Christ—the new birth effected by him in the spirit. When people think they can get the fruit without the tree we discourage them. An article which we insert in another column, entitled "Our Ultimate Object," shows the spirit in which the O. C. was founded, and in which it has prospered. Whenever the world shall seriously seek social reform in the manner there indicated, we shall expect they will succeed and shall rejoice to help them.

TRANSFORMATION.

ZE was the brightest boy in our set. If a brook was to be dammed and a water-wheel put in, a kite to be framed, a play-house to be built, he was engineer and architect. He was always making a ship, or a sled, or a wagon, or bow and arrows, or contriving some new toy. Then too, he never was quarrelsome; there was not a bit of the bully about him. In school he was usually at the head of his class. But Zeo had one or two serious faults. A noted phrenologist once said of him, "This boy likes to slide down hill, but he wants the other boys to put away the sled!" The phrenologist was right. Zeo was undeniably selfish; not that the fault is particularly rare in children of any growth, but in him it was marked—a distinct trait of character. He was always on the lookout for number one. In addition to this he had the reputation of being a lazy boy, and he exercised much of his ingenuity in shirking chores and all sorts of disagreeable jobs. Such he was as a boy.

Years went by, and as Zeo grew up a change came over him; and such a change as compelled me, irresistibly, to throw aside a certain theory I had early formed, and held from my youth up. It was this: that no man can change his *real* character—his natural disposition. He may have conversions, change of heart, in a figurative way, or religious experience of any kind; but these would not materially affect his inborn nature. I could admit that people might improve ever so much—become better men and women; but distinctive traits of character, however deeply they might be hidden, were totally ineradicable. This belief is expressed in the popular version of the Prophet's interrogatory, viz., "The leopard can't change his spots;" and in such phrases as, "He hasn't got it in him;" "same old sixpence," and the like.

The change in Zeo was thus remarked on by himself at the time: "Some months ago," said he, "when I was at Uncle B—'s, he asked what my plans and aspirations were for the future, adding, that boys couldn't begin to settle their plans for life too early. I told him I had no particular plans or ambition that I knew of; but if I should see him now, I could tell him the grand ambition of my life is to serve God." From that time forward, Zeo became a different boy. His apparently inborn selfishness entirely disappeared, so that I, who am not easy of belief or quick to acknowledge, was compelled to admit to myself that I never could see even a trace of it, though for years I watched him earnestly. His laziness, too, was gone, and he soon became known as a reliable, industrious boy—one who worked conscientiously and from principle. Not many boys have, perhaps, Zeo's unswerving determination in pursuing a fixed purpose; but the grace of God is free to all.

Many times in my life I have been sore tempted

with discouragement. Certain bad traits seemed well-nigh omnipotent; resolving, praying, fighting, all would appear, at times, of no avail. Then I have turned toward Zeo and said within myself, "Look at him; I know that two strongly marked points of his character have been entirely overcome. This I have seen with my own eyes. I have to take nobody's say-so for that. What God has done in one case he can do in another." And so saying, and so believing, victory would finally come.

X.

TIME ABOLISHED.

[A friend has sent us the following commentary on a saying of Christ, from the writings of Soame Jenyns, 1790:]

"Then said the Jews unto him: Thou art not yet fifty years old; and hast thou seen Abraham? Jesus said unto them, Verily verily I say unto you, before Abraham was, I am."

"In this short reply of Jesus to the Jews, there is something exceedingly remarkable, of which the commentators have taken no notice, though it is surprising that so uncommon an expression should have escaped their observation.

"Had he said 'before Abraham was, I was,' the obvious meaning would have been no more than this: that he had existed from all eternity and consequently before the time of Abraham, though he had not made his appearance in the world before that age which was then present; but the extraordinary phrase here used, by applying the present tense to a past event, must imply a great deal more, and refer to the mode of that eternal existence as permanent and unsuccessive; not composed of days and months and years, like ours in the present life, but one fixed unchangeable point, bearing no relation to time at all; which we have no faculty to comprehend nor language to express.

"If this is the true nature of eternity, of which I have no doubt, this extraordinary declaration is no inconsiderable proof of the supernatural information of this extraordinary teacher; because in the age and situation in which he lived, he never could have acquired such an idea by any human means."

INCREASE OF PARALYSIS.—One of the members of the French Academy of Medicine, in a very elaborate paper, drawn up with great care, asserts that "statistics show that in exact proportion with the increased consumption of tobacco is the increase of disease in the nervous centers (insanity, general paralysis, paraplegia) and certain cancerous affections." It may be said in reply, that the Turks, Greeks and Hungarians are inveterate smokers, and yet are little affected by these nervous diseases. But M. Jolly accounts for their exemption by the fact that the tobacco used by them is of a much milder form, containing slight proportions of nicotine, and sometimes none at all. Excessive indulgence, therefore, does no harm in this direction; and no case of general or progressive paralysis has been discovered in the East, where this mild tobacco is in use. M. Moscan says: "The cause is plain enough, and evidently physiological. In all the regions of the Levant they do not intoxicate themselves with nicotine or alcohol: but saturate themselves with opium and perfumes, sleeping away their time in torpor, indolence and sensuality. They narcotize, but do not nicotize themselves, and if opium, as has been said, is the poison of the intellect of the East, tobacco may one day in the West prove the poison of life itself. It is the nicotine, in the stronger tobacco used in England, France and the United States, which proves so pernicious, and the French physicians hold that paralysis is making rapid advance under the abuse of alcohol and tobacco."—*Home Journal*.

MIRAGE IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—A correspondent of the Rochester *Union*, writing from Batavia, on Wednesday, the 16th, says:

"At seven o'clock this evening, our citizens were entertained by one of Nature's most rare and beautiful panoramas. While we were admiring a golden sunset (the eastern horizon at

the same time arched by the bow of promise), the blue waters of Lake Erie rose upon our vision in a mirage so perfect and brilliant that it was difficult to believe we were not in the regions of enchantment. The phenomenon in its full brilliancy lasted about half an hour. It was witnessed by several citizens of Buffalo who happened to be here at the time. At one time eleven vessels were distinctly visible; even a steam tug was seen with steam issuing from the smoke-stack. Large bodies of ice, covering what appeared to be several acres each, were seen floating toward the source of the Niagara. The Buffalo gentlemen were naturally enthusiastic, and declared that they had never seen the lake of their pride exhibit itself in more natural habitments, not even from their Rialto, y'clept the docks. Batavia is several miles east of Buffalo, so that the mirage of which the above is a description, was remarkable for its great strength."

HOMEOPATHIC.—Place two gallons of soft water over the fire, in an iron kettle. Hang a medium-sized rat on the wall so that its shadow shall fall into the kettle; boil two hours. Dose; one tea-spoonfull of the liquor in a tumbler of cold water; to be taken every hour till relief is realized.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Natural Bridge of Virginia is for sale.

THE New York post-office which is to be erected will cover two acres of ground.

THE yield of maple sugar this season is very large, greatly exceeding that of several previous years.

THE first Mayor of the city of Brooklyn, died recently. Five thousand persons attended his funeral.

Louis Kossuth has been elected a member of the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet. Kossuth is still very popular in Hungary.

THE trial of the President is nearly completed. Both the prosecution and defense have closed their evidence. Four speeches are allowed to sum up the case; two on each side. Mr. Boutwell, one of the Managers, has delivered the first of the series.

THE Northern Pacific Railroad has been surveyed, and estimates made as to the cost of its construction. It will be the shortest route across the continent, and to Asia. Only twenty-three days will be required to go from New York to China, when it is completed.

CHARLES DICKENS sailed for England on Thursday, the 23d inst. A dinner was given him a few days before he left, by about two hundred members of the press from different parts of the country. Horace Greeley presided. In a speech replying to a toast, Mr. Dickens said that he should append notes to "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "American Notes," reversing any aspersions on this country, contained in those works, and correcting misrepresentations.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. A. S., Mo.—Your communications have been received.

S. J. C., Me.—We hope the article on "Baptism" in Nos. 3 and 4 of the present volume of the Circular, has removed the doubts which troubled you.

J. B. W., N. Y.—The trouble of applying for the paper can not be much. Our arrangement causes silence to become a convenient and positive request to discontinue, and we take it as such.

MOUNT TOM PRINTING-OFFICE,
(Wallingford Community,)
Wallingford, Conn.

Being refitted with new type and press, our establishment is now ready to receive orders for Cards, Circulars, Price-lists, Pamphlets and the lighter kinds of Job Printing. Particular attention paid to Bronze work and Color Printing for Labels. Orders from abroad, should be addressed to

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY,
Wallingford, Conn.

Announcements:

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY

Is an association living in Lenox, Madison Co., N. Y., four miles from Oneida Depot. Number of members, 195. Land, 589 acres. Business, Horticulture, Manufactures, and Printing the CIRCULAR. Theology, Perfectionism. Sociology, Bible Communism.

WILLOW-PLACE COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., on a detached portion of the domain, about one mile from O. C. Number of members, 85. Business, Manufactures.

WALLINGFORD COMMUNITY.

Branch of O. C., at Wallingford, Conn., one mile west of depot. Number of members, 88. Land, 228 acres. Business, Horticulture, Publishing, and Job Printing.

NEW YORK AGENCY.

Branch of O. C., at 885 Broadway, N. Y. Room 9. Number of members, 10. Business, Commerce.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The O. C. and branches are not "Free Lovers" in the popular sense of the term. They call their social system COMPLEX MARRIAGE, and hold to freedom of love only within their own families, subject to free criticism and the rule of Male Continen-

ADMISSIONS.

Members are admitted to the O. C. and branches after sufficient acquaintance; but not on mere application or profession of sympathy. Whoever wishes to join must first secure confidence by deeds. The present accommodations of the Communities are crowded, and large accessions will be impossible till new Communities are formed.

STEEL TRAPS.

Eight sizes and descriptions, suitable for catching House Rat, Muskrats, Mink, Fox, Otter, Beaver, the Black and Grizzly Bear, are made by the Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y., of whom they may be purchased, or of the Community Agency, 885 Broadway, New York. Descriptive-list and price-list sent on application.

PRESERVED FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Strawberries, Black, Red, and Orange Raspberries, Cherries, Huckleberries, Plums, Peaches, Pears, Pine-Apples, Quinces, Lawton Blackberries, in quart bottles and quart cans, with syrup—Tomatoe Sweet Corn, Peas, Lima Beans and String Beans, in cans—are put up in quantities for sale by the Oneida Community. Also, Jellies of the Barberry, Currant, Blackberry, Quince, Crab-Apple, Peach, Raspberry, and Black Currant.

N. B.—As we are unable to keep up with the demand for these goods, persons desiring a full assortment should order a year in advance. First come first served. Descriptive price-list sent on application.

MACHINE TWIST AND SEWING-SILK.

Machine Twist, of our own manufacture, (Willow-Place Works); also, various brands and descriptions of Sewing-Silk, in wholesale quantities, for sale by the O. C. N. Y. Branch, 885 Broadway, New York.

O. C. PURCHASING AGENCY.

NO. 885 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. P. O. Box, 6796.

This Agency buys goods of all kinds for those who cannot afford to come to the city, or those to whom shopping is a bore. For commission we charge five per cent. or less, according to the kind and quantity of goods ordered. The commission will be charged on the actual outlay of money, including all expenses involved for packing, expressage, &c. In some cases, where the expenditure is small and the trouble of filling the order considerable, a reasonable charge for time will be made.

PICTURES.

The following Photographic Views of the Oneida Community can be furnished on application: the Community Building, Buildings and Grounds, Rustic Summer-House and Group, and Bag-Bee on the Lawn. Size of pictures, 8 inches by 10. Price, 75 cents. Various Stereoscopic Views of the Buildings and Groups and Grounds can be furnished for 40 cents each. Views, carte de visite size, 25 cents each. Any of the above will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of the price named. Address, Oneida Community, Oneida, N. Y.

PUBLICATIONS.

HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY; with a Sketch of its Founder, and an Outline of its Constitution and Doctrines. 72 pp. octavo. Price, 25 cents for single copy; \$8.50 per dozen.

SAVATION FROM SIN, THE END OF CHRISTIAN FAITH; an octavo pamphlet of 48 pages; by J. H. Noyes. Price, 25 cents for single copy, or \$2.00 per dozen.

THE TRAPPER'S GUIDE; a Manual of Instructions for Capturing Fur-bearing Animals; by S. Newhouse. Second edition; with new Narratives and Illustrations. 280 pp. 8vo. Price, bound in cloth, \$1.50.

MALE CONTINENCE; or Self-Control in Sexual Intercourse. A Letter of Inquiry answered by J. H. Noyes. Price, 50 cents per dozen.

BACK VOLUMES OF THE "CIRCULAR," unbound. Price, \$1.50 per volume, or sent (post paid) by mail, at \$1.75.

[The above works are for sale at this office.]

MESSRS. TRUBNER & COMPANY, Book-sellers, Paternoster Row, London, have our HAND-BOOK OF THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY, and the TRAPPER'S GUIDE for sale. They will receive subscriptions for the CIRCULAR, and orders for our other publications.